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STUDENTS' SONGS COM-
PRISING THE NEWEST AND
MOST POPULAR COLLEGE
SONGS AS NOW SUNG AT
HARVARD, YALE... , ETC.
COMP. & ED. BY W. H. HILLS,
HARVARD CLASE OF 1880.

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STUDENTS' SONGS.

COMPRISING THE

NEWEST AND MOST POPULAR COLLEGE SONGS

AS NOW SUNG AT

HARVARD, YALE, COLUMBIA, CORNELL, JOHNS HOPKINS, DARTMOUTH, AMHERST
MICHIGAN, VASSAR, BROWN, WELLESLEY, PRINCETON, WILLIAMS
BOWDOIN, WESLEYAN, TRINITY, LAFAYETTE
BOSTON, TUFTS, UNION, ETC

COMPILED AND EDITED BY WILLIAM H. HILLS, HARVARD CLASS OF 1880



CAMBRIDGE, MASS
MOSES KING, PUBLISHER
HARVARD SQUARE

PREFACE TO THE TWENTY-SIXTH THOUSAND.

BEFORE the publication of "Students' Songs," there was no collection of college-music including the songs which have had their origin, and become popular, within the last ten or fifteen years. All existing collections were out of date. The new songs, of which a great number had sprung into life, were nowhere to be found in print. They were known to comparatively few; and it was inevitable, that, unless they were put in permanent form, they would soon be forgotten, and lost forever.

The first edition of "Students' Songs" was prepared in 1880, with a view to preserving these songs, and making them accessible to all. The success of the book was immediate. The demand exceeded the supply, and the sale of the entire edition of six thousand copies in less than four months showed how urgently the need of some such collection had been felt. The second edition of "Students' Songs" was in reality an entirely new book. It contained none of the songs comprised in the first edition, but was made up of other wholly new songs, equal in merit and popularity. Like its predecessor, it had a most remarkable sale. The whole edition of five thousand copies was speedily exhausted; and for over a year—during which the book was out of print, owing to the inability of the compiler, through pressure of other duties, to prepare a new edition—the demand continued unabated.

The third edition of "Students' Songs," published in May, 1883, comprised nearly all the songs of both the first and second editions, together with more than twenty pages of wholly new music, including all the latest college-songs of the day. In less than six months the edition of five thousand copies was exhausted; and a new edition, in which the plates were revised and corrected, was required. And now, in August, 1884, as every copy of all previous editions has been sold, a still further edition of five thousand copies has been printed; and it is hoped that they will aid in making college and home life more happy by their jolly music and their unique songs. Most of the songs, and their music, which the book contains, are copyrighted, and to be found in no other collection.

The compiler has only to add an expression of thanks to the public for the continued favor which has been accorded to "Students' Songs." Much of its popularity is due to Mr. Frederick R. Burton (Harvard, '82), who has rendered valuable services in the preparation of the book.

W. H. H.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 1, 1884.

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STUDENTS' SONGS.

OH! GIVE ME A HOME BY THE SEA.

Words and Music by E. A. HOSMER.

Con spirito.

PIANO.

1. Oh! give me a home by the sea,
 2. At morn when the sun from the east,
 3. At eve when the moon in her pride,

Where wild waves are crest-ed with foam,
 Comes man-tled in crim-son and gold,
 Rides queen of the soft summer night,

Where
 Whose
 And

shrill winds are car-ol-ing free,
 hues on the billows are cast,
 gleams on the murmur-ing tide,

As o'er the blue waters they
 Which spark-les with splendor un-
 With floods of her sil-ver-y

6 OH! GIVE ME A HOME BY THE SEA. Concluded.

come; For I'd list to the ocean's loud roar, And joy in its stormi - est
told; Oh! then by the shore would I stray, And roam as the halcy - on
light; Oh! earth has no beauty so rare, No place that is dearer to

glee, Nor ask in this wide world for more, Than a home by the deep heaving
free, From en - vy and care far a - way, At my home by the deep heaving
me, Then give me so free and so fair, A home by the deep heaving

Chorus.

sea. A home, a home, a home by the heav - ing
sea.
sea.

sea, A home, a home, a home by the heaving sea. . . .

tr *D.C.*

CLIMBING, CLIMBING, CLIMBING.

7

Tempo di valse. mf

1. O-ver the hills a maid doth dwell, Fair-er than the rose, To
2. O-ver the hills she comes to-night, My love so sweet and fair; Her

thee I'll sing, my fair-y belle, From morn till eve-ning's close.
eyes are bright with laugh-ing light, The moon-light glints her hair.

YÖDEL. La la yö-del la yö-del la yö-del la la la la yö-del la yö-del la la la la la

Clim-b ing,climb - ing,climb - ing o-ver the mount-ains high.

Vocal or instrumental accompaniment.

zum la la zum la la zum la la zum la la zum la la zum la la zum la la

yö-del la yö-del la yö-del la la la la la la la la la la.

Climb - ing,climb - ing,climb - ing o-ver the mount - ains high.

molto rit.

zum la la zum la la zum la la zum la la zum la la zum la la zum la la

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

Andante. *cres.* *mp* *f* *Sra.*

p *Shouted.*

1. There is a tav-ern in the town, in the town, And there my dear love sits him
 2. He left me for a dam-sel dark, dam-sel dark, Each Fri-day night they used to
 3. Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep, Put tomb-stones at my head and

down, sits him down, And drinks his wine 'mid laugh-ter free, And
 spark, used to head and spark, And now on my love, once true to me, Takes
 feet, head and feet, And And my breast carve a tur-tle dove, To

Chorus.

nev-er, nev-er thinks of me,
 that dark dam-sel on his knee,
 sig-ni-fy I died of love.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN. Concluded. 9

let the part-ing grieve thee, And re-mem-ber that the best of friends must part, must part. A-

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

dieu, a - dieu, kind friends, a - dieu, a - dieu, a - dieu, I can no lon-ger stay with

This system contains the second line of the song. The musical notation and piano accompaniment continue from the first system.

you, stay with you, I'll hang my harp on a weep-ing wil-low tree, And

poco rit.

This system contains the third line of the song. The tempo marking *poco rit.* appears at the end of the line. The piano accompaniment features a prominent harp-like texture.

may the world go well with thee. thee.

1st. and 2d.

This system contains the final line of the song. It includes a first and second ending bracket. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

FAIR HARVARD.

Andante, mf

1. Fair Har-ward! thy sons to thy ju-bi-lee throng, And with bless-ings sur-ren-der thee
2. To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in-fan-tile

o'er, By these fes-ti-val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait-ing be-
years, When our fa-thers had warned, and our moth-ers had prayed, And our sis-ters had blest, thro' their

fore. O rel-ic and type of our an-ces-tor's worth, That has long kept their mem-o-ry
tears; Thou then wert our pa-rent, the nurse of our souls, We were mould-ed to man-hood by

warm, First flow'r of their wil-der-ness! star of their night, Calm ris-ing thro' change and thro' storm!
thee, Till freighted with treasure tho'ts friendships and hopes, Thou did'st launch us on Des-ti-ny's sea.

3. When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth;
For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod,
As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair city of God.

4. Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK.

11

Moderato, mf

1. Here's to the fox in his earth be-low the rocks! And here's to the line that we
 2. Here's to the horse, and the ri - der too, of course, And here's to the ral - ly o' the
 3. Here's to the gap, and the tim - ber that we rap, Here's to the white thorn and the
 4. Oh, the pack is staunch and true, now they run from scent to view, And its worth the risk to life and limb and

mf

Ses.

fol - low, And here's to the hound with his nose up - on the ground, Though
 black, too; Here's a health to ev - 'ry friend, who can strug - gle to the end, And
 neck, boys; And here's to the pace that puts life in - to the chase, And the
 To see them drive and stoop 'till they fin - ish with "Who-whoop" For-ty

ff

Chorus.

mer - ri - ly we whoop, and we hol - loa. Then drink, pup - py, drink, And let ev - 'ry pup - py drink, That is
 here's to the Tally Ho in front, boys.
 fence that gives a moment to the pack, too.
 min - utes on the grass without a check, boys.

f

Ses.

old e - nough to lap and to swal - low, For he'll grow in - to a hound, So we'll

pass the bot - tle round, And mer - ri - ly we'll WHOOP, and we'll hol - loa! hol loa!

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

Con spirito.

mf

1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty five, on a win - ter's night,

CHORUS.
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roosh - an lines in sight, When

f p

CHORUS.
up comes a lit - tle mid - ship-mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a - shore to

f mf

night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me!" "Why, bless ee, sir, come a -

f

THE MIDSHIPMITE. Concluded.

13

CHORUS.

long," says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo

rall. CHORUS. *tempo.*

ho! . . . With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,

rall.

Gai - ly, boys, on make her go! An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship -

Last time.

mite, Sing - ing Cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho!

2 We launch'd the cutter and shoved her out,
cho. Cheerily my lads, yo ho!
The lubbers might ha' heard us shout,
As the Middy cried, "Now, my lads, put about!"
cho. Cheerily my lads, yo ho!
We made for the guns, an' we ran'n'd them tight,
But the musket shots came left and right,
An' down drops the poor little Midshipmite. Cho.

3 "I'm done for now; good bye!" says he,
cho. Steadily, my lads, yo ho!
"You make for the boat, never mind for me!"
"We'll take ee' back, sir, or die," says we,
cho. Cheerily my lads, yo ho!
So we hoisted him in, in a terrible plight,
An' we pull'd ev'ry man with all his might,
An' we sav'd the poor little Midshipmite. Cho.

TALLY HO!

Allegro.
mf

1. On the nine-teenth of March, in the year fif-ty-three, We
2. We met on Scrag-gy moun-tain at Barney Brek-lin's inn, Where

had a re-cre-a-tion in our coun-tree; Just four and twen-ty gen-tle-men came
ev-ery man his whis-key took that shivered in his skin; At six o'clock old Bil-ly's horn re-

down from Bal-ly Box, On four and twen-ty hor-ses, in search of a fox.
sound-ed in our ears, And ev-ery man his sad-dle took 'mid four and twenty cheers.

Chorus. *repeat accel.*

Tal-ly ho! hark-a-way! Tal-ly ho! hark-a-way! Tal-ly ho! hark-a-way, my boys, a-way! hark-a-way.

3 When Sir Reynard was started he made straight for
the hollow
Where none but the huntsmen and the blooded nags
dare follow;
From six to twelve he led the pack 'mid hedge and
ditch sublime,
But lost his way in Dolly's Brae for purely loss of
time—Oho

4 When Mr. Fox was caught at last, he laid him down to
die,
And while the dogs were kept at bay he muttered with
a sigh,
"To him that cleared that five-barred gate, and first dis-
mounted here,
I leave my tail and coat of mail for four-and-twenty
year—Oho

MY LOVE AT THE WINDOW.

15

Tempo di Valse.

BASSES.

1. I see my love at the win - dow, look, look, look! I see my love at the win - dow, look,
 2. Oh, there she is at the win - dow, Oh, there she is at the win - dow,
 3. She throws a kiss from the win - dow, She throws a kiss from the win - dow,

mf

look, look! I see my love at the win - dow, Look! you can see her now.
 Oh, there she is at the win - dow, Look! you can see her now.
 She throws a kiss from the win - dow, Look! you can see her now.

YÖDEL.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Vocal accompaniment.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Zum zum zum zum zum zum zum zum

D.C.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la

D.C.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la

zum zum zum zum zum zum zum zum

CHING-A-LING-LING.

mf Grazioso.

1. We rev-el in song, in Spain we be-long, Far o'er the o-cean, when
 2. We charm and en-trance all men in the dance, Come they from near us, or

Grazioso.

Lu-ci-fer's star Shines clear in the east, We re-turn from the feast To the
 come they from far; We dance and we glide, While loud, far and wide, Sounds the

Allegretto.

tune of our light gui-tar. Ha! Ha! Ching-a-ling-a-ling! chung-a-ling-a-ling! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! These were the words which we heard from a-far: Ching-a-ling-a-ling! ching-a-ling-a-ling!

CHING-A-LING-LING. Concluded.

17

Ha! ha! ha! ha! To the tune of our light gui - tar, Ha! ha!

The musical score for 'CHING-A-LING-LING. Concluded.' features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment consists of a series of chords and single notes, primarily in the right hand, with some bass notes in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4.

"YALE MEN SAY."—MARCHING SONG.

Tempo di marcia.
ff

1. Yale men say their crew is sure to win, Let them

The musical score for 'YALE MEN SAY.'—MARCHING SONG. is a marching song. It begins with the tempo marking 'Tempo di marcia.' and the dynamic marking 'ff'. The vocal line starts with a quarter note, followed by a half note, and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment consists of a series of chords and single notes, primarily in the right hand, with some bass notes in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4.

talk and put up all their tin; We will bet all the mon-ey we have in

The musical score continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, with a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4.

view That we'll show four miles of rud-der to the crack New Ha - ven crew.

The musical score concludes with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, with a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4.

JAPANESE LOVE SONG.

Words by W. YARDLEY.

Music by COTSFORD DICK.

Tempo rubato. *Sea**mf*

1. Me once-y time a-go, Knew nice-y lit-tle man, He name him-self-ey Pea Cue
 2. Lit-tle mis-sy, laugh-y guess, So hap-py as she am, "Ask pap-py dear-y Chang Fi

Sin,
Fow,

He lov-ey mis-sy so, (She call her name-y Fan)" How
 Yum pap-py nod-dy yes, Him sweet as jol-ly jam, And

Sea*Piu lento.*

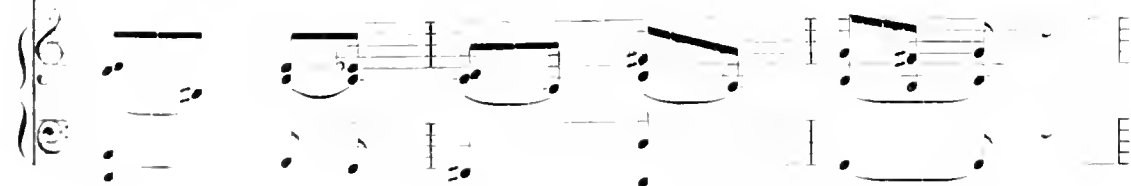
do-ey missey, well "Chin - Chin.
 ber-ry mummy nice, Chow- Chow.

He kiss-ey lit-tle miss-y, (She
 Um lov-ey lit-tle dove-y, Um

Sea*Piu lento.**a tempo.*

call her name-y Fan) Lit-tle miss-ey which he love-y much-ey so,
 duck-y lit-tle Fan, Pit-ty, pop-sy, wop-sy, tid-dy, ie-kle sing.

Lit-tle
 And



mis-sy when he kis-sy, "Go a-way um naughty man," But um naughty, naughty man,
dov-ey say she love-y, For her fin-ger bring a ring, For her fin-ger bring a ring,

a tempo. *p*

But um naughty, naughty man,
For her fin-ger bring a ring,
But um naughty man a-way um wouldn't
For her fin-ger bring a Ching a ring a

p

go, go go! Tip Top Whip Top Sing So Hi, Hum Top Sing So Lo;
ring Ching ring! Tip Top etc.

f *p*

Chip Chop Cherry Chop up to the very top; Tumble down lo Sing So. So. . .

mf *ff* *Tempo Imo.* *D.S. al Fine*

1st ending. Last ending.

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Allegretto.

mf

1 Way down in the mead-ow where the li - ly first blows, Where the wind from the
 2 She's fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the
 fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was
 most grace - ful curls hangs her ra - ven - black hair, And she nev - er

1
 2

moun - tains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives girl that I love.
 val - ley, the known to put paint on her cheek; In the per - fum - ery there

Chorus, f

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die;

rit

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

3 Evelina and I one fine evening in June

Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon,

The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,

And I felt round the heart most tremendously queer.—Cuo.

1 Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar.

Evelina still lives in that green grassy holler,

Although I am fated to marry her never,

I've sworn that I'll love her for ever and ever.—Cuo.

Moderato. mf

1. When I was a stu-dent at Ca - diz, I played on the Span-ish Gui-tar ching!ching! I
 2. I'm no long-er a stu-dent at Ca - diz, But I play on the Span-ish Gui-tar ching!ching! And

mf

used to make love to the la - dies, I think of them now when a - far, ching!ching!
 still I am fond of the la - dies, Though now I'm a hap-py pa - pa, ching!ching!

Chorus.

Ring!ching!ching!Ring!ching!ching!Ring out ye bells, oh, ring out ye bells, oh, ring out ye bells!

Repeat chorus softly.

Ring!ching!ching!ring!ching!ching!ring out ye bells, As I play on the Span-ish gui - tar, ching!ching!

A HORRIBLE TALE.

Andante doloroso. *More doloroso.*

1. { Oh! a hor - ri - ble tale I
The pa - ri - ent was so

mf

Still more doloroso.

have to tell, Of sad dis - as - ters that be - fel A fam - i - lee that
grim a guf - fin lie nev - er liked no fun nor nuf - fin, And he nev - er made the

As much doloroso as possible.

once re - sid - ed Just in the ve - ry same thor - ough - fare as I did.
least - est en - deav - or To crack a joke, not what - sum - dev - er.

Chorus. prestissimo. *poco cres.*

For, oh! it is such a hor - ri - ble tale, 'Twill make your fac - es all turn pale; Your

ppp misterioso trem. *poco cres.*

andante. *prestissimo.* *D.C.*

eyes with grief will be o - ver - come, Twee - dle twad - dle twid - dle twid - dle twum.

2. They never saw no com-pan-ee,
Though they was a most respectable fa-mi-lee
And ev'ry boy and ev'ry gall
Grew hy-po-con-der-i-a cal.
They thought they had all sorts of sorrers,
And conjured up all kinds of horrors,
Each had a face as long as a ladder,
And was frightened into fits if they see their own
shadder.

3. They sat with the cur-tains drawn down tight,
On pur-pose for to keep out the light,
Fa-ther, mo-ther, sister, and brother,
Never spoke a single word to one another.
Well, at last this doleful, dismal lot,
So dreadful mel-an-cho-ly got,
That an end to themselves they did agree,
Just as soon as they could settle upon which end it
was to be.

4. First the father into the garden did walk,
And cut his throat with a lump of chalk;
Then the mother an end to herself she put,
By a hanging of herself in the water butt;
Then the sister went down on her bended knees,
And smothered herself with a toasted cheese:
But the brother who was a determined young feller,
Went and poisoned himself with his umberella.

5. Then the little baby in the cradle,
Shot itself dead with the silver ladle,
While the servant girl seeing what they did,
She strangled herself with the saucepan lid;
The miserable cat, by the kitchen fire,
Swallowed a portion of the fender and did expire.
And a fly on the ceiling—this case was the worst un,
Went and blowed itself up with spontaneous combus-
tion.

6. Then in there walked the auctioneer
Who did with the furniture disappear,
And the broker's man,— this ain't no fable,—
Made himself away with a three-legged table;
When the walls saw this, their sides they splits,
The windows cracked themselves to bits;
And so universal was the slaughter rate,
There was nothing left at all but an unpaid water
rate.

MORAL. So here's a moral if you choose,
Don't never give way to the blues,
Or you may come to the dreadful ends,
Of these my melancholy friends.
For ain't it now a horrible tale,
Hope it's made your faces all turn pale,
Your eyes with grief is overcome,
Tweedle, twaddle, twiddle twaddle twum!

PEANUT SONG.

Energetically. ad lib.

1. { Oh! all ye fel-lers that have pea-nuts And give your neigh-bor none; Yer
shan't have an-y of my pea-nuts When your pea-nuts are gone, When
your pea-nuts are gone, . . . When your pea-nuts are gone, Yer
shan't have an-y of my pea-nuts, When your pea-nuts are gone.

2. Oh! all ye fellers that have sherry chicken, and give your neighbor none, etc.
3. Oh! all ye fellers that have pickled persimmons, and give your neighbor none, etc.
4. Oh! all ye fellers that have huckleberry pot-pie, and give your neighbor none, etc.
5. Oh! all ye fellers that have soft, sweet, soda-crackers, and give your neighbor none, etc.
6. Oh! all ye fellers that have nice, sour, Messina oranges, and give your neighbor none, etc.
7. Oh! all ye fellers that have Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, and give your neighbor none, etc.
8. Oh! all ye fellers that have ripe, rich, red strawberry short-cake, and give your neighbor none, etc.
9. Oh! all ye fellers that have California clam chowder and oysters on the half-shell, and give your neighbor none, etc.

SPOKEN. Not if I knows myself.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

Words by HARRY HUNTER.

Music by G. D. FOX.

Trance.
ff

1. Oh, my love stood un - der the wal - nut tree, O - ver the gar - den wall, She
 2. But her fath - er stamped and her fath - er raved, O - ver the gar - den wall, And

whis - pered and said she'd be true to me, O - ver the gar - den wall, She'd
 like an old mad - man he be - haved, O - ver the gar - den wall, She

beau - ti - ful eyes and beau - ti - ful hair, She was not ver - y tall, so she stood on a chair, And
 made a bou - quet of ro - ses red, But im - me - di - ate - ly I popped up my head, He

man - y a time have I kissed her there, O - ver the gar - den wall.
 gave me a buck - et of water in - stead, O - ver the gar - den wall.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL. Concluded.

25

Chorus.

Ov - er the gar - den wall, The sweetest girl of all, There ne - ver were yet such eyes of jet, And
you may bet I'll nev - er for - get The night our lips in kiss - es met, O - ver the gar - den wall.

3 One day I jumped down on the other side,
Over the garden wall,
And she bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall;
But she screamed in a fright, "Here's father, quick!
I have an impression he's bringing a stick."
But I brought the impression of half a brick,
Over the garden wall.—Cuo.

4 But where there's a will there's always a way,
Over the garden wall,
There's always a night as well as a day,
Over the garden wall;
We hadn't much money, but weddings are cheap,
So while the old fellow was snoring asleep,
With a lad and a ladder, she managed to creep
Over the garden wall.—Cuo.

THE TWO ROSES.

WERNER.

1. On a bank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers,
2. Thus in leaves of white ar - rayed, Not a speck to dim them,
3. Like her cheeks the blush - ing ray, Which the bud en - clos - es,
Gemmed with dew, in fra - grance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gathered two sweet
So I find the spot - less mind Which a - dorns my spot - less maid, In - no - cen - ce's
Bright - er far than you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal - ous.
flow - ers. Tell me, ro - ses, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
em - bleu. Tell me, ro - ses, etc.
ro - ses. Tell me, ro - ses, etc.

MICHAEL ROY.

Allegretto, mf

1 In Brook-lyn ci-ty there lived a maid, And she was known to fame; Her
 2 She fell in love with a char-coal man, Mc-Clos-key was his name; His
 3 Mc-Clos-key shout-ed and hol-lered in vain, For the donk-ey would-n't stop; And he

moth-er's name was Ma-ri Ann, And hers was Ma-ri Jane; And ev-e-ry Sat-ur-day
 tight-ing weight was seven stone ten And he loved sweet Ma-ri Jane; He took her to ride in his
 threw Ma-ri Jane right o-ver his head, Right in-to a pol-i-cy shop; When Mc-Clos-key saw that

morn-ing She used to go o-ver the riv-er, And went to market where
 char-coal cart On a fine St. Pat-rick's day, But the don-key took fright at a
 ter-ri-ble sight; His heart it was moved with pi-ty, So he stabbed the donkey with a

Chorus. f

she sold eggs, And sass-a-ges, like-wise liv-er. For oh!... For oh!... he was my dar-ling
 Jer-sey man, And started and ran a-way.
 bit of charcoal, And started for Salt Lake ci-ty.

*Shouted.**Repeat chorus pp*

boy, FOR he was the lad with the au-burn hair, And his name was Mi-chael Roy.

THE MERMAID.

27

Moderato. mf

1. 'Twas Fri-day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the cap-tain spied a
2. Then out spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well spoken man was he. "I have married me a wife

mf

Chorus. f

lovely mermaid, With a comb and a glass in her hand. Oh! the o - cean waves may
in Sa-lem town, And to - night she a wid - der will be."

f

roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While we poor sail - ors go skipping to the tops, And the

accel.

land lub-bers lie down be - low, be-low, be-low, And the land lub-bers lie down be - low.

3 Then out spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a fat old cookie was he:
"I care much more for my pottles and my kets,
Than I do for the depths of the sea."—Cuo.

4 Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken laddie was he:
"I've a father and a mother in Boston city,
But to-night they childless will be."—Cuo.

5 "Oh! the moon shines bright, and the stars give light;
Oh! my mammy'll be looking for me:
She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep
She may look to the bottom of the sea."—Cuo

6 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she;
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea.—Cuo.

28 'WAY UP ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP-TIP-TOP.

Moderato. mf

SOLO.

1. Hark! I hear a voice, way up on the mountain-top-tip-top, De-scending down below, De-

PIANO.

mf

Chorus.

1. scending down below. 2. scending down be-low. Let us all . . . unite in love, Trusting

SOLO.

CHORUS.

Let us all unite in love,

1. in . . . the powers a - bove, . . . Let us -bove, . . .

2. Trust-ing in the powers a-bove, the powers a - bove.

accel. 3 Mer-ri-ly now we roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, Mer-ri-ly now we roll, roll, o-ver the deep blue sea.

ritard. 3 Mer-ri-ly now we roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, Mer-ri-ly now we roll, roll, o-ver the deep blue sea.

2
Little Jacky Horner,
A sitting in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a big boy am I!"
Chorus. Let us all, etc.

3
Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggy had none.
Chorus. Let us all, etc.

MY BONNIE.

29

Andante.

PIANO. *mf*

Dolce.

1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean, My Bon-nie is o-ver the sea; . . . My
2. Oh! blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean, And blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea; . . . Oh!

mf

Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean, . . . Oh! bring back my Bon-nie to me. . . .
blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean, . . . And bring back my Bon-nie to me. . . .

Chorus.
p AIR. *cres.* *p* *f* *D.C.*

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me, Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

p FIRST TENOR. *cres.* *p* *f*

FIRST BASS.
Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me, Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

p SECOND BASS. *cres.* *p* *f*

3

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.
Cuo. Bring back, etc.

4

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.
Cuo. Bring back, etc.

MA-RI HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

f Allegro con fuoco.

1. Oh! Ma - ri had a lit - tle lamb, Lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Ma - ri had a lit - tle lamb, It's
 2. And ev - ry - where that Ma - ri went, Ma - ri went, Ma - ri went, Ev - ry - where that Ma - ri went, That
 It followed her to school one day, School one day, school one day, It followed her to school one day, Which
 It made the children laugh and play, Laugh and play, laugh and play, It made the children laugh and play, To

1. *Unison.* *Bleating.*

deece was white as snow. [omit] } Bleating of the lamb, Ba - a - a - ah! Ba - a - a - ah!
 [omit] lamb was sure to go. } Bleating of the lamb, Ba - a - a - ah! Ba - a - a - ah!
 was a - gainst the rule. [omit] } Bleating of the lamb, Ba - a - a - ah! Ba - a - a - ah!
 [omit] see a lamb at school. }

Oh! ain't I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Get out the wil - der - ness,

get out the wil - der - ness, Ain't I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Leaning on the lamb.

Rip! slap! set 'em up a - gain, With a bum, jing, jing, With a bum, jing, jing; Rip! slap!

set 'em up a - gain, With a bum, jing, jing, heigh - o! With a bum, jing, jing, With a bum, jing, jing.

MA-RI HAD A LITTLE LAMB. Concluded.

31

Grass-hop-per a-whist-li-ing, "God save the Ki- - ing," Li-to-ri-a, Li-to-ri-a,

Swee-de-le-we-tchu-hi-ra-sa, Li-to-ri-a, Li-to-ri-a, Swee-de-le-we-dum-bum.

accel. f
Whoop! de-du-dah, du-di-u-di-u-dah, du-di-u-di-u-dah, du-di-u-di-u-dah,

ff *fff* *Sua.*
Whoop!! de-du-dah, du-di-u-di-u-dah, du-di-u-di-u-dah, WHOOP!!!

THE DUKE OF YORK. March.

[May be sung as a two-part round by shouting in the words "And," and "Oh! the,"]

f
The no- - ble Duke of York, He had ten thous - and
when they were up, they were up, up, up! And when they were down, they were

D.C. ad infin.
men, He marched them up a hill one day, Then marched them down a-gain! AND
down,down,down! And when they were on - ly half - way up, They were neith-er up nor down 'OH! THE

JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro. mf

1. Dashing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
 2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fannie Bright Was
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

mf

Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring Mak-ing spir - its bright; What
 seat - ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis - fort - une seem'd his lot; He
 sing this sleigh-ing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for - ty for his speed; Then

Chorus. *f*

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night! Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!
 got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

f

Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

THE POCO'S DAUGHTER.

33

Words by C. W. BRADLEY.

Melody by J. D. REDDING.

1. A po-co lived on Brighton Street, To get him bread and beef to eat He would the verdant students cheat, Down
2. Now to this po-co's shop one day A Sophomore did wend his way To sell his coat, that he might pay His
3. The maid con-sent-ed, when she saw The po-co sleeping on the floor. But all too soon her bliss was o'er, For

mf

ritard. by Charles River's wa-ter. To keep his home-stead clean and neat He had a maiden rare and sweet, She'd
board-bill for the quar-ter. But when he saw the maiden gay, Said he, "I love thee charming fay! Then
a tempo. oh! he woke, and caught her. His hair stood up at the sight he saw, For just behind the kitchen door There

Chorus. *ff*
big black eyes and little white feet, Kat-ri-na, the po-co's daughter. O Po-co, Po-co! keep thine eye On the
skip in-to my arms, I pray, Thou love-ly po-co's daughter." O Po-co, Po-co! etc.
stood that wicked Soph-o-more, A-kiss-ing of his daughter. O Po-co, Po-co! etc.

dark-haired girl, for she is sly, Or you'll be sorry by and by, you ev-er had a daughter.

4 For very wrath his nose grew blue,
He did not know what he did do,
But straightway seized the wicked two,
The Sophy and his daughter.
He sewed them up in meal-bags two,
Which to the river's bank he drew,
And then the naughty pair he threw,
Into Charles River's water.

CHO. — O Poco bold! thou did'st anni-
hilate the maid, and she did die;
And you were sorry, by and by,
You ever had a daughter.

5 Long years have fled, but still at night,
O'er Brighton Street a ghost in white,
An airy Sophomoric sprite,
Doth seek his Pocorina
And when, alone, at dead of night,
You come from Carl's, a little tight,
You'll see him in the pale moon-light,
A kissing of Katrina.

CHO. — O Poco bold! thou did'st anni-
hilate the maid, and she did die;
But still o'er Harvard Square doth fly
The spirit of Katrina.

THE ANNEX MAID.

Con anima, mf

SOLO.

CHORUS. *ff*SOLO. *mf*

1. "Where are you go-ing, my pret-ty maid?" Heave a - way! Heigh - ho! Heigh-ho! "I'm
 2. "What to do there, my pret-ty maid?" Heave a - way! Heigh - ho! Heigh-ho! "I'm

going to the An - nex, sir," she said, "And I come from the Ri-o Gran - - - de,"
 going to be cul - tured, sir," she said, "And I come from the Ri-o Gran - - - de,"

Chorus. *ff*

Heave a - way! Heigh - ho! Heigh-ho! Heave a - way! Heigh - ho! Heigh-ho! "I'm
 Heave a - way! Heigh - ho! Heigh-ho! Heave a - way! Heigh - ho! Heigh-ho! "I'm

going to the An - nex, sir," she said, "And I come from the Ri - o Gran - de,"
 going to be cul - tured, sir," she said, "And I come from the Ri - o Gran - de,"

3

4

"What are your studies, my pretty maid?"

Heave away! Heigho! Heigho!

"Chinese and Quaternions, sir," she said,

"And I come from the Rio Grande."

Chorus — Heave away! etc.

"Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"

Heave away! Heigho! Heigho!

"Cultured girls don't marry, sir," she said,

"And I come from the Rio Grande."

Chorus — Heave away! etc.

FRA DIAVOLO.

35

Moderato. mf

1. The fes-tal day has come, And brightly beams the morning; The sun peeps forth afresh, Our
2. Come, join in mirth and song, With young hearts fondly beat-ing Sip pleasure while we may, For

Chorus. *Unison.*

festal day³ adorn-ing, Hurrah! Hurrah! The festal day has come! Hurrah! Hurrah! The festal day has come,
earthly joys are fleeting,

Allegro vivace. f

*Upsee, upsee, tra-la-la-la, Upsee, upsee, tra-la-la-la, Upsee, upsee, tra-la-la-la, The festal day has come. *p*

*Pronounced You-psee.

hear the boots, the boots, the boots, the b-b-b-b-b-boots, Fra Dia-vo-lo, the Rob-ber! Fra Di-a-vo-lo, the Rob-ber! *ff*

hear the boots, the boots, the boots the b-b-b-b-b-boots, Fra Di-a-vo-lo, the Rob-ber, Coming down the stairs. *ff*

BEAUTIFUL BALLAD OF WASKA WEE.

Melody by J. D. REDDING.

Words from SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

Con moto. mf

1. Her voice was sweet as a ban-go-lin; Her mouth was small as the head of a pin; Her
 2. This Turk-ish man a tur-ban had, This Turkish man was sly and bad; He
 3. Now sim-ple Was-ka Sing-ty Wee, So good to hear, so sweet to see, Re-
 4. Then this hor-rid, sly old Turk-ish man De-clared he'd die on the Eng-lish plan, "And
 5. Now the Mi-ka-do was won-drous wise, He opened his mouth, and shut his eyes: "The

mf

ff

presto.

eyes ran up, her chin ran down; Oh, she was the belle of Yed-do town. Now lovely Waska
 whis-pored un-to Miss Was-ka Wee: "O fly with me to my own Turk-ee! O fly with me to my
 solved be-hind her bash-ful fan To be eightieth wife to this Turkish man; But tho' her heart was
 so," said he, "my bright-winged bird, thou'lt have for thy fortune the wid-ow's third." Then flew the maid to the
 wid-ow's third, O daughter, will be What-er the law will al-low to thee." Then flew the maid to the

ff

Sing-ty Wee, So good to hear, and sweet to see, The fair-est maid in all Jap-an, Fell
 own Turk-ee! And robes of gold I'll give to thee—A girdle of pearls and love for life, If
 full of glee, She hung her head and said to he: "If thou should'st die, my Turkish beau, Oh,
 Mi-ka-do, And told the plan of her Turk-ish beau," And now," said she, "the whole thou'st heard, How
 Court of Lords, Where every man wore a brace of swords, And bade them name what sum would be hers When her

dead in love with a Turkish man. The fair-est maid in all Jap-an, Fell dead in love with a
 thou wilt be my eightieth wife," "A girdle, etc.
 where would poor Was-ka Sing-ty go?" "If thou, etc.
 much will it be, this wid-ow's third?" "And now," etc.
 Turk should go to his fore-fa-thers, And bade, etc.

BEAUTIFUL BALLAD OF WASKA WEE. Concluded. 37

Turkish man. The fair - est maid in all Jap - an, Fell dead in love with a Turk - ish man.

6 They sat in council from dawn till night,
And sat again till morning light,—
Figured, and counted, and weighed, to see
What an eightieth widow's third would be,

And the end of it all, as you well might know,
Was nought but grief to the Turkish beau;
For lovely Waska Singty Wee
Said: "Go back *alone* to your old Turkey!"

THE YOUNG LOVER.

Ziemlich langsam und zart.

THOS. KOCHAL, Op. 21.

FIRST TENOR. *mf*

SECOND TENOR.

1. Dear - est love, be coy, Shun each woo - ing boy! For the boys . . . are . . . wild! But a - lone to me Mayst thou friendly be, When I come to woo thee, dar - ling child! For I heath - er sweet, Where the lambs would eat, Have I roamed with thee, a lit - tle maid. Now that love thee so! As no one else, I know! Thy love - ly im - age stays with me. Came a all is o'er; A lit - tle maid no more Thou art the loveliest girl in town! Though thy dan - ger nigh. For thee I'd glad - ly die! God knows it well, who in my heart can see, moth - er sigh, Though all the world de - ny, My heart will break, if thou art not mine own!

FIRST BASS.

SECOND BASS.

tempo.

rit. molto.

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MY SUSANNA.

Moderato. mf

1. I had a dream the oth - er night, When eve - ry thing was still, I dream't I saw Su -
 2. Su - san - na, she's the girl for me, I love her as my life; I asked her on - ly

mf

san - na dear A - coming down the hill; A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, A tear was in her
 yes - ter - day If she would be my wife; She said she lov - ed another man, She did - n't know his

eye; She's the prettiest lit - tle val - ler gal, north or south, I ev - er did es - py.
 name; Yet though I know there is no hope, I love her just the same.

BASSES. *ad lib.* TENORS. BASSES. TENORS. *ff*

Come, and kiss me! I don't want to! Come, and kiss me! Ma won't let me! Oh! come, and kiss me,

ff

p *f*

Su - sy, the ap - ple of my eye! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, She's the

p *f*

prettiest lit - tle yal - ler gal, north or south, I ev - er did es - py.

DRINKING SONG.

Words and Music by F. R. BURTON.

Con spirito. ff

TENORS.

1. Fill once a - gain to - geth - er! Drain every flow - ing cup! Heed - less of time or weath - er.

BASSES.

time. Heedless of time or weath - er, Heedless of eve - ry thought.

{ time . . . or . . . weather } Heed - - - - less of { eve - ry . . . thought. }

{ Heedless of eve - ry thought. }

time or . . . weath - er, . . . Heed - less of eve - ry . . . thought.

Heed - - - - less of time, Heedless of time or weath - er,

Heedless of time or weather, Heedless of every thought; Heed - - - - less of

Heed - - less of time or weath - - - - er, Heedless of time or weath - er,

1. Heedless of every thought. 2. Heedless of every thought. FINE.

{ eve - ry thought. Why [Omit.] . . . ry thought. } should the dim Here - af - ter Swal -

{ [Omit] } eve . . . ry thought. }

Heedless of eve - ry thought. Heedless of eve - ry thought. D.C. al fine.

low the Present up? Sto - ry, and song, and laugh - ter: Else - where can joy be sought?

MUSH, MUSH.

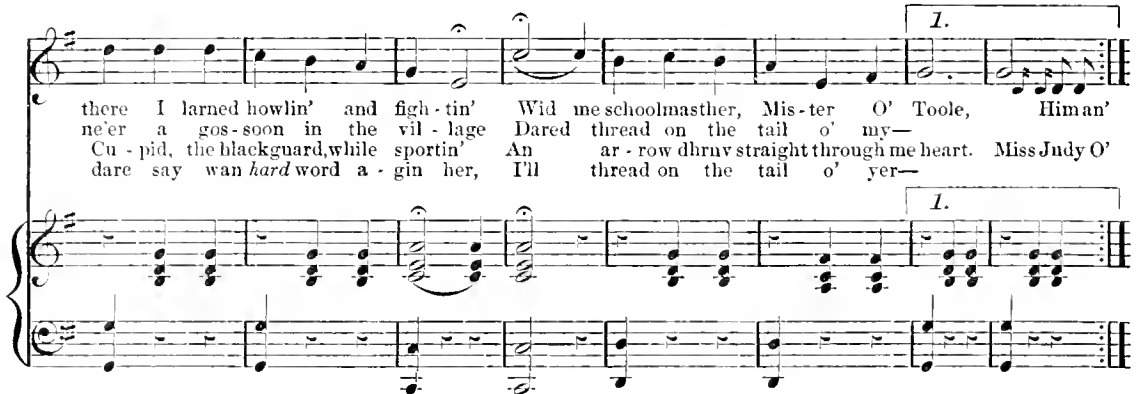
Andante. mf



1. Oh, 'twas there I larned ra-din' an' writin', At Billy Brackett's where I wint to school; . . . And 'twas
me we had mon-y a scrimmage, An' div-il a copy I wrote; . . . There was
2. Oh, 'twas there that I larned all me court-in', O' the lissons I tuck in the art! . . . Till
Con-nor, she lived jist for-ninst me, An' tin-der lines to her I wrote; . . . If ye

there I larned howlin' and figh-tin' Wid me schoolmasther, Mis-ter O' Toole, Himan'
ne'er a gos-son in the vil-lage Dared thread on the tail o' my—
Cu-pid, the blackguard, while sportin' An ar-row thruv straight through me heart. Miss Judy O'
dare say wan hard word a-gin her, I'll thread on the tail o' yer—

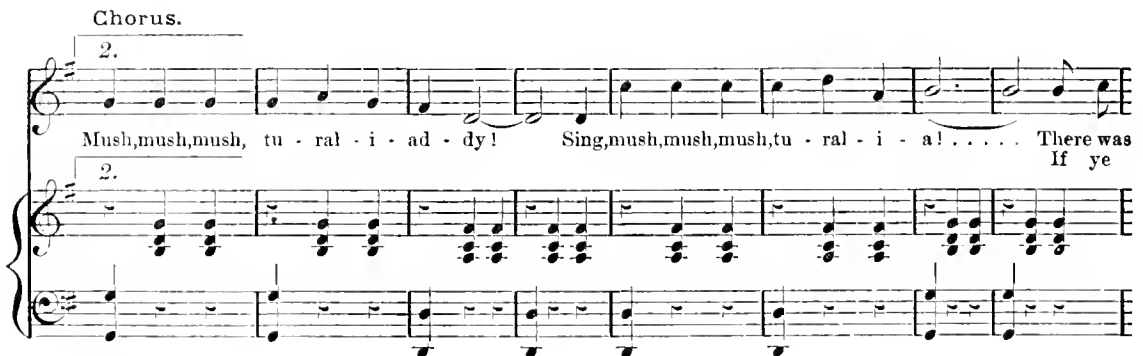
I.



Chorus.

2.
Mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - ad - dy! Sing, mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - a! . . . There was
If ye

2.



ne'er a gos-son in the vil-lage Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!
dare say wan hard word a-gin her, I'll 'thread on the tail o' yer coat!



3. But a blackguard, called Micky Maloney,
Came an' sthole her affections away;
Fur he'd money an' I hadn't ony
So I sint him a challenge nixt day.
In the A. M. we met at Killarney,
The Shannon we crossed in a boat;
An' I lathered him wid me shillaly,
Fur he throd on the tail o' me — Cho.

4. Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation,
An' folks came a-flockin' to see;
An' they cried out, widout hesitation:
"You're a fightin' man, Billy McGee!"
Oh, I've claned out the Finnigan faction,
An' I've licked all the Murphys a-float;
If you're in fur a row or a raetion,
Jist ye thrend on the tail o' my — Cho.

THE QUILTING PARTY.

41

Andante.

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas

p

cres.

from Aunt Di - nah's quilting par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.
from Aunt Di - nah's quilting par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

Chorus. mf

I was see - ing Nel - lie home, I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas

mf

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see ing Nel - lie home.

repeat pp.

3

On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

4

On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

Allegro. SOLO. *CHORUS.* *SOLO.*

1. Oh, I went down South, for to see my Sal; Sing, "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day! My
 2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid-en fair; Sing, "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day! With

CHORUS. *Chorus. f*

Sal-ly am a spunk-y gal, Sing, "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day! Fare-well! . . . Fare-
 cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing, "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day! *BASS.* Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee

well! . . . Fare-well, my fair-y fay! Oh, I'm off to Louisi-an-a, for to see my Su-sy An-na, Singing,
 well! Fare thee well!

p

"Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day! Fare - well! . . . Fare - well! . . . Fare - well, my fair-y
BASS. Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

fay! . . . Oh! I'm off to Louisi-an-a, for to see my Su-sy An-na, Singing, "Polly-wol-ly- doodle," all the day.
fay! fairy fay!

- 3 Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across;
Sing, "Polly," etc.
An' I jumped upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss;
Sing, "Polly," etc. — Cuo.
- 4 Oh! a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack. — Cuo.

- 5 Oh! I went to bed, but it wasn't no use;
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost. — Cuo.
- 6 Behind de barn, down on my knees;
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze. — Cuo.
- 7 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin'-ough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off. — Cuo.
And so on *ad infin.*

AURA LEE.

Dolce. p *cres.* *cres.*

1. As the blackbird in the spring, 'Neath the willow tree Sat and pip'd, I heard him sing, Singing Au-ra Lee.
2. On her cheek the rose was born; 'There was music when she spake; In her eyes the rays of morn, With sudden splendor break.

p *cres.* *cres.*

Chorus. *cres.* *p*

Au-ra Lee! Au-ra Lee! Maid of golden hair! Sunshine came along with thee, And swallows in the air.

mf *cres.* *p*

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MY LADY.

Andante. mf *cres.* *mf* *cres.* 1. *Vrit. 2.*

1. I hear, I hear, I hear my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! I hear, I hear, I hear my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
2. I see, I see, I see my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! I see, I see, I see my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
3. I love, I love, I love my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! I love, I love, I love my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
4. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round, 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round, world go round.

mf

FAREWELL FOR EVER.

Words by H. B. FARNIE.

Music by MICHAEL CONNELLY

PIANO. *dolce.* *Ped.*

All night thro' thy slumbers my passionate numbers Have thrill'd to thy dreaming heart, Till drawn .
My heart wildly beating would hear thee repeating Thy vow, thou art mine alone : And far .

poco agitato.

by my sorrow, Thou wak'st with the morrow, To know that this hour we part. The dews of last night are
o'er the billow, My dream-haunted pillow Shall bring thee a-gain, mine own, One touch on my hand, one

Ped. poco agitato.

ritard. *p*

dry on the plain, Yet on my cheeks tears are falling like rain. Oh! . . . Farewell for ever, Farewell to thee!
kiss on my brow, Over! and thou art a memory now.

Ped.

p *p ad lib. D.C.*

Mountains may sever, man - y a lea! Bright tho' our dreaming, 'Twas not to be, Farewell, my own, to thee!

Ped.

FORSAKEN AM I!

15

English words by LUDWIG

First and Second Tenor.

pp Slow.

THOS. KOSCHAT

1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en am I! Like a stone by the road-side, All
 2. A mound's in that churchyard, Fair buds o'er it break, And there sleeps my darl - ing, And

mf

pp
First and Second Bass.

men pass me by; I go to a graveyard, No hope my heart cheers, There sad - ly I
 will not a - wake; Each day do I stay there, To weep by the stone, And bit - ter - ly

kneel me, And shed bit - ter tears, There sad - ly I kneel me, And shed bit - ter tears.
 feel there That on earth I'm a - lone, And bit - ter - ly feel there That on earth I'm a - lone

GIN-SLING.

ATR—"Good old colony times."

1. In good old col - o - ny times, When we lived un - der the king, Each Sat - ur - day night we
 2. And Senior, and Junior, and Soph, And Freshman, and tu - tor, and prof, When once they be - gan, they
 3. And Hol - lis used to roar, And Stoughton used to sing, While the rollicking rabble lay
 4. But times are changed since then, And life's a dif - fer - ent thing, And gone are the good old

used to get tight, A - pour - ing down gin - sling, A - pour - ing down gin - sling, A -
 nev - er left off, A - pour - ing down gin - sling, A - pour - ing down gin - sling, A -
 un - der the table, A - pour - ing down gin - sling, A - pour - ing down gin - sling, A -
 col - o - ny times, When we liv'd un - der the king, When we liv'd un - der the king, When we

- pour - ing down gin - sling, Each Sat - ur - day night, We used to get tight, A - pouring down gin - sling.
 - pour - ing down gin - sling, When once they be - gan, They nev - er left off, A - pouring down gin - sling.
 - pour - ing down gin - sling, While the rollicking rabble Lay un - der the table, A - pouring down gin - sling.
 - liv'd un - der the king, But gone are the good old col - o - ny times, When we liv'd under the king.

THE MERRY CHINK, CHINK, CHINK.

Words and Music by G. W. HUNT.

Allegro mf

1. Some sing of charming woman, Some sing in praise of drink, I'll sing of what we all a - dore, And that's the mer-ry chink. You may

call it fil - thy lu - cre. You may call it fil - thy dross, But up a tree you're sure to be When you've to mourn its loss.

Chorus.

f

For there's nothing half so jol - ly as the chunk, chink, chink, Nothing half so handy as the chink, chink, chink. You may

do without a wife, You may do with - out a drink, But you can't do with - out the merry chink, chink, chink.

2. A rosy little darling lend
Enchantment to your life;
Your paradise would be complete,
If she'd become your wife!
In words his master Cupid
Blindly leads you to the brink,
Where he very often drops you
If you haven't got the "chink."—Cuo.

3. And where would be our darlings,
Oh! whatever would they do?
There'd be no balls nor picnics,
Nor snug dinners up at Kew.
Swain and Fizz's, Peter Robinson's,
And such "sweet" shops I think
Would be sought to them without that
Most accommodating "chink."—Cuo.

4. Should you wish to test your better-half,
As to her love for "Tin,"
Just sign a check—leave it blank,
And let her fill it in.
Each week the bank rate would go up,
We'd all go smash I think,
If lovely woman only had
The run of all the chink!—Cuo.

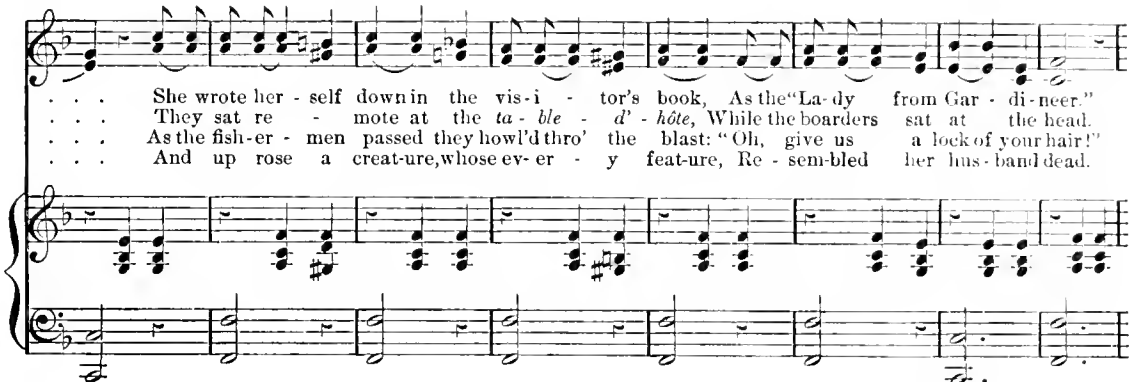
THE LADY IN CRAPE.

17


Andante. mf



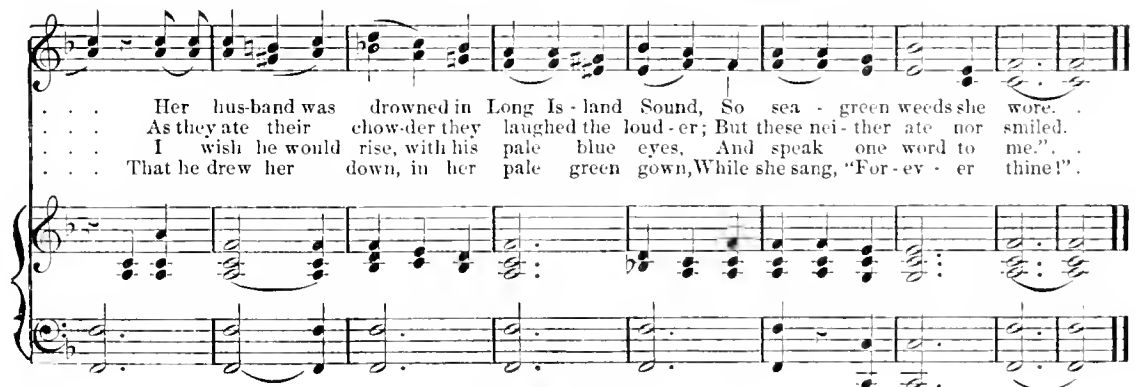
1. There came to the Cape a La-dy in Crape, Of whom you may not hear;
 2. And when with a clang the din-ner bell rang, To the ban-quet hall they sped;
 3. And when with their lines they sat 'neath the pines, And fished in mute de-spair,
 4. These words that she uttered were scarce-ly muttered, When her line grew as heav-y as lead;



... She wrote her-self down in the vis-i-tor's book, As the "La-dy from Gar-di-neer."
 ... They sat re-mote at the ta-ble-d'-hôte, While the boarders sat at the head.
 ... As the fish-er-men passed they how'd thro' the blast: "Oh, give us a lock of your hair!"
 ... And up rose a creat-ure, whose ev-er-y feat-ure, Re-sembled her hus-band dead.



And with her was seen a La-dy in Green, Of whom you may hear more;
 The boarders . . . proud laugh'd long . . . and loud, Loud laugh'd each lit-tle child;
 The La-dy, she said, "My hus-band is dead, A drown-ed man is he!
 "Come hith-er to me, in the deep blue sea!" And he pull'd so hard at her line,



Her hus-band was drown-ed in Long Is-land Sound, So sea-green weeds she wore.
 As they ate their chow-der they laugh-ed the loud-er; But these nei-ther ate nor smiled.
 I wish he would rise, with his pale blue eyes, And speak one word to me."
 That he drew her down, in her pale green gown, While she sang, "For-ev-er thine!"

WELLESLEY COLLEGE SONG.

"All Hail to the College Beautiful."

Written for the "Literary" of the Zeta-Alpha and Phi-Sigma Societies of Wellesley College, June 23, 1877.

Words by Miss K. L. BATES.

Music by C. H. MORSE.

Con moto.

SOPRANOS.

1. All hail to the College Beau-ti-ful! All hail to the na-vy-blue! All hail to the girls who are
 2. All hail to the College Beau-ti-ful! All hail to the brave and bright! She has taken her place in the
 3. All hail to the College Beau-ti-ful! All hail to the sacred walls! Where, sinking a-way in the

ALTOS.

grazioso.

gath'ring pearls From the shells that are o - pen to few! From the shells upcast by the ebb - ing Past On the
 swift-sandaled race Where the strong man smiles in his night, Oh, shin - ing a - rise the lights in her eyes, And her
 shad - ovy gray, Aye, the sun's last ra - di - ance falls! Where first on the lake the day beams awake, And the

shores where, faithful and true, An earnest band, with the grop - ing hand, Are seeking the jewels from
 hands are hot for the prize. . . . Now fast and far let the race be tried! She runs in her weakness and
 Spring's white mana - cles break. . . . But flushed in waking or pale in rest, With leaves on her hair or with

Maestoso.

under the sand; And spreading a - broad through the breadth of the land The name of the navy blue, And spreading a -
 he in his pride, But run as they will, they will run side by side, And share in the victor's right, But run as they
 snows on her breast; For - ev - er the fair - est, and noblest, and best, All hail to her sa - cred walls! Forev - er the

f

Chorus. beau-ti-ful

broad through the breadth of the land, The name of the na - vy - blue. All hail to the College, hail! All
 will, they will run side by side, And share in the vic - tor's right.
 fair - est, and no - blest, and best, All hail to her sa - cred walls!

hail to the royal throne, Whence her heart within her burning, Silver - voiced, far-eyed Learning looks up -
mf

WELLESLEY COLLEGE SONG. Concluded.

19

Maestoso.

1st & 2nd verses.

last verse, ad lib.

on her own! Looks up-on her own! Looks up - on her own! own! Looks up-on, . . . looks up-on her own!

her

IN HEAVEN ABOVE.

Solo. Allegro molto. f

CHORUS.

In Heav-en a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no Fac-ul - ty there!
But down be - low, where all is woe, Our Fac-ul - ty they'll be there!

Chorus.

C - O - L - U - M - B - I - A! C - O - L - U - M - B - I - A! C - O - L - U - M - B - I - A! Hang the Facul - ty!
H - A - R - V - A - R - D! H - A - R - V - A - R - D! H - A - R - V - A - R - D! Hang the Facul - ty!

H₂SO₄.

AIR—"The Menagerie."

Words by Miss M. C. Eno, Class of '80, Wellesley College.

1. DIRECTIONS. You take a few piec-es of zinc, And put in your gen - er - a - tor, Add
2. OBSERVATIONS. The ac - tion was not ver-y brisk, When I put in H₂SO₄, So I
3. CONCLUSIONS. As I wiped up the ac - id and zinc, And swept up the glass from the floor, I con -

Chorus. f

wa - ter, then plug in the cork, And pour in H₂SO₄, And pour in H₂SO₄, And
tried ni - tric ac - id to see If the thing wouldn't bubble up more, If the thing wouldn't bubble up more, If the
clud - ed I'd stick to di - rections, And try my own methods no more, And try my own methods no more, And

pour in H₂SO₄, Add wa - ter, then plug in the cork, And pour in H₂SO₄,
thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, So I tried ni - tric ac - id to see If the thing wouldn't bubble up more.
try my own methods no more, I con - clud - ed I'd stick to di - rections, And try my own methods no more

THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

Tempo di valse. mf

Words and Music by G. W. HUNT.

1. There once was a bold Fish-er-man, Who sail'd forth from Billingsgate, To catch the mild
 2. First he wrig - gled, then he strig - gled, In the wa - ter so bri - ny - o, He bel - low'd and he
 3. His ghost walked that ni - i - ight, To the bed - side of his Ma - ry Jane; He told her how

mf

po - gy, And the shy mack - er - el. But when he arrove off Pim - li - co, The stormy wind, it did be -
 yel - low'd Out for help, but in vain; Then down did he gently gli - i - ide, To the bottom of the sil - v'ry
 dead he was, "Then," says she, "I'll go mad!" "For since my dovey is so dead," says she, "All jo - o - oy from me has

Chant ad lib.

- gin to blow, And his lit - tle boat, it wib - ble wob - ble so, That slick - o - ver - board he fell. *Spoken.* All among the
 Conger eels, and the Dover soles, and the kippered Herrings, and the Dutch plaice, and the Whitebait, and the Blackbait, and the
 Tittlebats, and the Brickbats, and the Mullibobs, and the Pummy - jobs, singing:
 ti - i - ide, But pre - vi - ous - ly to that he cri - i - ied, "Fare - well, Ma - ry Jane!" *Spoken.* When he came
 to the *terra firma* at the bottom of the *aqua pura*, he simply took a cough - lozenge, and murmured:
 fled," says she, "I'll go a rav - ing lun - i - ae!" says she, And she went star - ing mad. *Spoken.* She thereupon
 tore her best chignon to sunthereens, danced the "Can - Can" on the top of the water - butt, and joined the Woman's Rights Associ -
 ation, and frequently edifies the angelic members thereof by softly chanting a song of plaintive memory, viz.:

Chorus. *f*

Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, That's the high - ly in - ter - est - ing
 Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, That's the re - frain of the gen - tle
 Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, Twin - kle doo - dle - dum, That's the kind of soul - in - spir - ing

f

D.C.

song he sung: Twinkle doo - dle-dum, Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, Oh! the bold Fish - er - man!
 song he sung: Twinkle doo - dle-dum, Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, Said the bold Fish - er - man!
 strain she sung: Twinkle doo - dle-dum, Twin - kle doo - dle-dum, Oh! the bold Fish - er - man!

D.C.

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

Espressivo. mf

1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, . . . Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, . . . Oh,
 BASSES: Meerschaum pipe, BASSES: Meerschaum pipe,

mf

Unison. ff

who will smoke my meer-schaum pipe, When I am far a-way? † Al-lie Bazan! BAD MAN!!!
 BASSES: Al-lie Bazan!

2. Oh, who will wear my east-off boots?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran!
3. Oh, who will hoist my green umbrell!
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
4. Oh, who will go to see my girl?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan!
5. Oh, who will take her out to ride?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan!

6. Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo!
7. Oh, who will trot her on his knee?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan!
8. Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan,
BAD MAN!!!

* Repeat this strain once for second stanza, twice for third, etc.

† For last stanza only.

THE THREE FLIES. Ballad.

53

Andante. mf

1. There were three flies, once on a time, De-termined for to travel and change their clime; For they

didn't care a hang for their father, nor their mother, Nor their uncle, nor their aunt, nor their sister, nor their brother.

2. The first was a yellow one, the second was blue,
The third was a green one to the view,
And away they flew with a "hi-ho-hum,"
Singing as they went, "Glory hallelu-jah-um!"

3. They hadn't gone far, when the yellow one cries,
"Look down, my boys! a supper I spies;"
But the blue one answered, "Upon my word,
I can see nothing but an old dead bird."

4. "An old dead bird! there's good in that;
I'm sure it looks uncommon fat;
And I hope as how I may go to Davy,
If I don't have some of that rich gravy."

5. But the others too dainty were by half.—
Now I can't sing, if you do laugh.—
Take a lesson from a fly,
And never give way to lux-ur-y.

6. Away then flew the other two,
John-i-y Green and Jack-i-y Blue,
They flew on far, and did not stop,
Till they came opposite a butcher's shop.

7. "Oh ho!" says Blue-bottle, "Here's a treat!
I'm particularly fond of butcher's meat."
"Then," says Greeny, "off I go,
For I don't care for meat, you know."

8. Off by himself the other one flew,
And into a grocery shop he goed,
And there he played some very merry rigs,
For he walked into the sugar, and he pitched into the figs.

9. The day very hot, he took a whim,
Into the treacle-pot for to have a swim,
And without considering, in he goes,
Not even stopping for to take off his clothes.

10. The other two passed by the door,
They heered-ed a voice they'd heered before;
And flying nearer to the spot,
They lighted on the treacle-pot.

11. And there they found him, almost dead,
And unto him Blue-bottle said,—
"Oh! Greeny! Greeny! all our arts can't save ye;
You'd much better ha' partaken of our butcher's meat and
gravy."

MORAL.

12. Take a lesson from a fly,
And never give way to lux-ur-y.
And all young folks inclined to roam,
Take my advice, and stay at home!

I'VE LOST MY DOGGY.

Con dolore.

I've lost my dog-gy, Who's seen my bow-wow? Poor lit-tle dog-gy! Bow-wow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow!

CLOTILDA. A Serenade.

In unison.

[This is to be sung over and over, the pitch being raised a whole tone at each repetition.]

Clo-til - da! Clo - til - da! My heart you be - wil - der! * (Stamp! stamp! Clap! clap!) † Good-night!

HALICO! CALICO!

Moderato. mf

1. As I went by a red-her-ring pond, I saw a lit-tle dog for-ty feet long,
 Chorus.—Sing, Ha-li-co, ca-li-co, lung-i-dor-glay, Set your dog on your dog, let your dog lay,
 2. What shall we do with the red-her-ring's fins? Make'em all up in-to Fresh-man pins;

mf

1.

Chorus. D.C.)

(1) For-ty feet long, and fif-ty feet square, And if that is-n't so, why, then, I was-n't there.
 (2) Fresh-man pins for the Freshman that sins, And that's what we'll do with the red-her-ring's fins.

2. accel.

(Cho.) Set your dog on your dog, ros-in your bol-li-wog, Tumble up, tur-nip head, Fly a-way, gin-ger bread,

Chant ad lib.

(Cho.) Get on your mus-cle-o, Don't you de-ceive me so, Shilly-pap-poodle my other dorg a - Bou-li-wag-gy-o!

3. What shall we do with the red-herring's heart?

Make it all up into Freshman tart;

Freshman tart for the Freshman that's smart,

And that's what we'll do with the red-herring's heart

Cho.—Sing, Halico, calico, etc.

4. What shall we do with the red-herring's scales?

Make 'em all up into Freshman flails;

Freshman flails for the Freshman that quails,

And that's what we'll do with the red-herring's scales.

Cho.—Sing, Halico, calico, etc.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS.

55

Andante. mf

1. In Dub-lin City where the girls they are so pretty, 'Twas there I first met with sweet Molly Ma-lone; She
2. She was a fish-monger and that was the wonder, Her father and mother were fishmongers too; They
3. She died of the faver, and noth-ing could save her, And that was the end of sweet Molly Ma-lone; But her

mf

rit.

drove a wheelbarrow thro' streets broad and narrow, Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, all a - live!"
drove wheelbarrows thro' streets broad and narrow, Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, all a - live!"
ghost drives a barrow thro' streets broad and narrow, Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, all a - live!"

Chorus.

rit.

A - live, a - live - o! A - live, a - live - o! Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, all a - live!"

WHO CAN TELL? Catch.

AIR— "Three blind mice."

FIN.

1. Why the Fresh, Why the Fresh, Why the Fresh,
D.C. Who ean tell? Who can tell? Who can tell?
2. How much sport, How much sport, How much sport,
D.C. Who can tell? etc.

When - e'er they hear, When - e'er they hear, When - e'er they hear, The
Soph - o - mores have, Soph - o - mores have, Soph - o - mores have, In
D.C.

tramping of feet in the dead of night, Spring out of bed in a fearful fright, And secure their doors so wondrously tight,
div - ing in - to all sorts of scrapes, In "salt - ing" of Fresh and "curing" of grapes, In the "gobbling of gobblers" and narrow escapes,

3

How much more, || *Ter.*
Of Junior time, || *Ter.*
With thoughts far away from the book in hand,
Is spent in the castles of airy land,
Where celestial beauties bewitchingly stand,
Who can tell? || *Ter.*

4

What success, || *Ter.*
Seniors have, || *Ter.*
By practice of "Science," and practice of "Arts"
Through making of love, and breaking of hearts
In becoming a prey to "Cupidine" darts,
Who can tell? || *Ter.*

NAUGHTY CLARA.

Words by HUNTER

Melody by KNOWLES.

Moderato.

mf *ff*

1. My head's in a whirl thro' a sweet lit - tle girl; Her sweet lit - tle name is
 2. Her hair is as bright as the sweet sun - light, Her cheek as fair as the
 3. Oh what can I do, where can I go to, For this naughty, naugh - ty

Cla - ra, There ne'er was a maid such a dear lit - tle jade, There ne'er was a
 dawn-ing, But to speak of love to my own lit - tle dove, Is sure to
 fair one, If I take her a rose she turns up her nose, And says she

la - dy fair - er. But she's such a tease, that I nev - er can please, And
 set her yawn - ing, I swear by her eyes, I swear by the skies, I
 ne'er could bear me. And if we go out there's a bo - ther a - bout, Her

quite alarm'd I'm get - ting, She nev - er seems right from
 swear by the stars a - bove me, But she doesn't care for the
 taking my arm when walking, And in between whiles up-on

NAUGHTY CLARA. Concluded.

57

morning till night, Un-less she is co-quetting, Oh!
 more I swear, The more she does - 'nt love me, Oh!
 oth-ers she smiles, And with them will be talk-ing.

Naughty, Naughty, Cla - ra! how can you serve me so?..... I'll go to De - me -

ra - ra, if you tell me to go!..... I'll climb up all the moun - tains, I'll swim o'er

all the seas.... If you will on - ly love me dear, I'll do just what you please....

GEE! WHOA! DOBBIN!

Andante. p *crs.* 1. 2.
 Gee! Whoa! Dobbin! Drive on de wag-in! Gee! Whoa! Dobbin! oh! Dobbin! Gee! Whoa! Dobbin, Gee! Whoa!

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SERENADE.

Andante con espress. Music by F. R. BURTON.

Words by BARRY CORNWALL.

1. A - wake! the star - ry mid - night hour Hangs charm'd and pauseth in its flight; In its own sweetness
 2. A - wake! soft dew's will soon a - rise, From dai - sied mead, and thorny brake; Then, Sweet, uncloud those
 sleeps the flow'r, And the birds lie hushed in deep de - light; And the birds lie hushed in deep de - light. A -
 ca - st - ern eyes, And like the ten - der morn - ing break! And like the ten - der morning break! A -
 - wake! a - wake! a - wake! Look forth, my love, for love's sweet sake; Look forth, my love, for love's sweet sake.
 - wake! a - wake! a - wake! Dawn forth, my love, for love's sweet sake; Dawn forth, my love, for love's sweet sake.

3. Awake! within the musk-rose bower,
 I watch, pale flower of love, for thee;
 Ah! come and show the starry hour,
 ||: What wealth of love thou hid'st from me.:||
 Awake! awake! awake!
 ||: Show all thy love, for love's sweet sake.:||

4. Awake! ne'er heed, though listening night
 Steal music from thy silver voice:
 Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
 ||: And bid the world and me rejoice.:||
 Awake! awake! awake!
 ||: She comes, — at last, for love's sweet sake!||

MAID OF COUNTY PERTH.

AIR. Andante.

1. There was a maid of coun - ty Perth Lived on a low - land lea, — She
 2. A sol - dier came, in all his pride, A - cross the rag - ing sea; He
 was the fair - est maid on earth, Her heart he - longed to me. . . .
 stole a - way my dar - ling bride, Whose heart he - longed to me. . . .

Chorus.

I love, I love, I love, . . .
 1. I love, I love, I love, . . . It is my food both night and day, . . .
 I love, I love, I love till breath is ta - ken a - way, I love, . . . I love, . . . I love my dar ling bride.
 I love, I love, I love, . . .

THE BULL-DOG.

59

Moderato, mf

SOLO, FIRST TENOR.

SOLO, FIRST TENOR

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,

Oh! the
Oh! the

SOLO, SECOND BASS

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,

attacca il chor. f Chorus. Allegro.

bull-dog on the bank,
bull-dog stooped to catch him,

AIR. Oh! the bull dog on the
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to

SOLO, SECOND BASS, *rit ad lib.*

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,

bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old wa-ter fool
catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw, The polly-wog died a laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.

Sing-ing tra la la la (la la la, . . . sing-ing tra la la la (la la la, . . . Sing-ing
{ leil-i - o, . . . { leil-i - o, . . .

tra la la la la la, sing-ing tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la (la la la
{ leil-i - o, . . .

repeat pp

3 Says the monkey to the owl

"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

4 Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

5 Says the tom-cat to the dog:
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Jules about to tête-à-tête
With Romeo, *incog*."

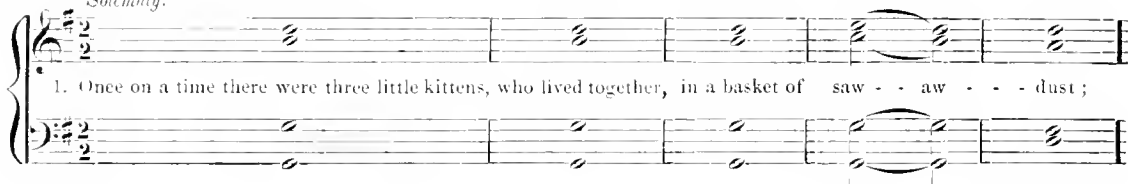
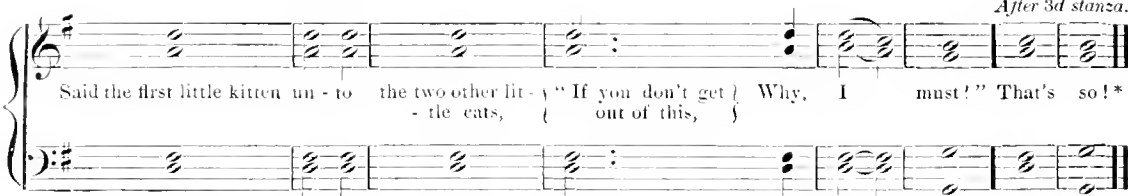
6 Says the bull-dog to the cat

"Oh! what do you think they're at?"
They're spooning in the dead of night -
But where's the harm in that?"

7 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,

Little Moses in the pool,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the water,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school

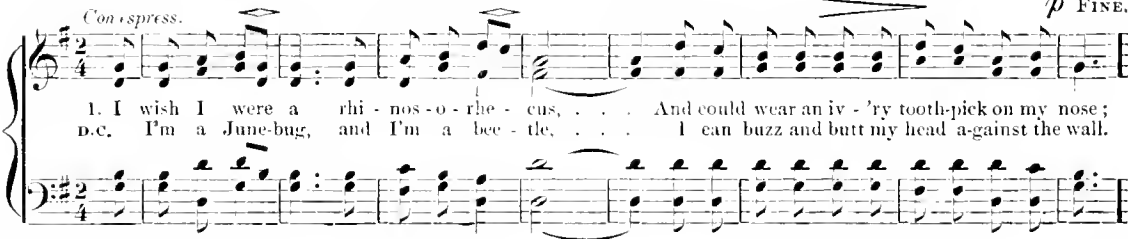
THREE LITTLE KITTENS. Chant.

Solemnly.*After 3d stanza.*

* With a vigorous nod of affirmation.

2. Now these three little kittens (pretty ones) | lived together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust ;
Said the second little kitten | unto | the two other little cats,
" If you don't just get out of this, | Why, I must ! "
3. Still, the three pretty little kittens (such was their imperturbability) | continued to live
together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust ;
Said the third little kitten | unto | the two other little cats, |
" If you don't just get out of this, | Why, I shall Bust ! ! " That's so.

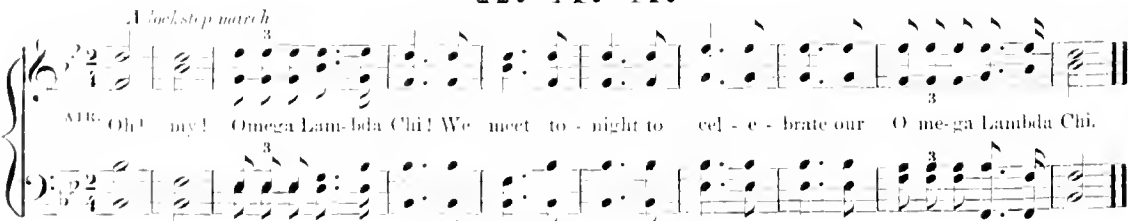
I WISH I WERE A—.

*Con spress.**p FINE.**D.C.*

2. I wish I were an elephant-us,
And could pick the co-coa-nuts off with my nose !
But oh ! I am not ! alas ! I cannot !
Be an ele-phan—ele-phan-tus ;
I'm a cock-roach, and I'm a water-bug,
I can wander round the musty old lead pipes.

3. I wish I were a hippo-pot-a-mus,
And could swim the broad Euphrates, and eat grass !
But oh ! I am not ! alas I cannot !
Be a hip-po-po — hip-po-pot-a-mus ;
I'm a grass-hopper, and I'm a katydid,
I can play the fiddle with my left hind leg,
I—(cooly) can play the violin with MY LEFT REAR LIMB.

Ω. Λ. X.

A backstep march

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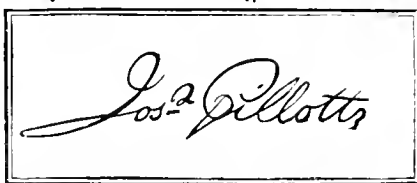
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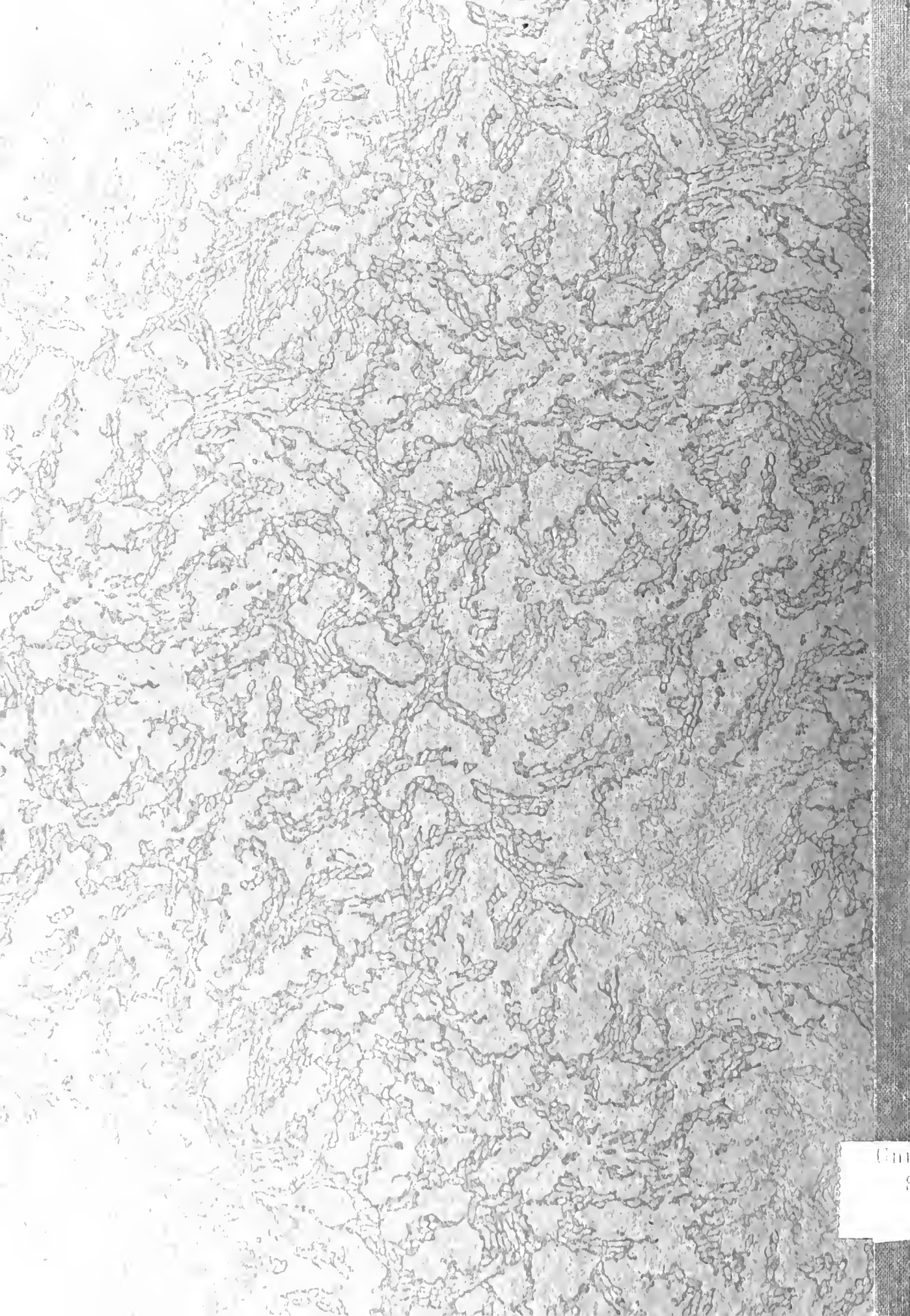
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